



COLONEL GEORGE HARVEY, editor of the *North American Review*, used to weed onions to buy ink for his printing-press in Peacham, Vermont. The regular Vermont farmer fifty years ago didn't see much use in feeding presses when there was valuable live stock to feed, but young George persisted in his ambition to be a journalist. His first attempt was the *Peacham Patriot*, with one edition of five copies. After experience on various Vermont papers, he collected enough money to buy a ticket to Springfield, Massachusetts. "I asked for ten dollars a week," he says. "Mr. Bowles of the *Springfield Republican* thought six dollars was about right. I finally agreed to take the six dollars."

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THOMAS EDISON failed in his first scientific experiment, although he did his best. A goose on his mother's farm produced a fine brood of goslings. Next day Thomas was nowhere to be seen. At last they found him in the hay-loft, curled up over a litter of goose eggs, waiting optimistically for the first quack. He was more successful, however, as a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railroad, and especially as editor of a railroad newspaper. Of course, at this time he had an experimental laboratory in his cellar, made out of old cables, bottles, and stove-pipe, and had also learned telegraphy. As a station telegraph operator he once forgot the signals, with the usual unconcern of genius, and almost wrecked a train. To-day his electric bulbs light the world, and his phonograph proves to a million flat-dwellers that there is no such thing as sound-proof walls.



YOU remember the bicycle, don't you—that curious animal, now extinct, that once roamed the highways of this land of the free? The man who used to repair bicycles in Canandaigua, New York, is John Willys, president of the Willys-Overland Company. When automobiles began to do the bicycle to death, he took to repairing automobiles, then to selling them—and he sold more than his company could manufacture. Then he began to manufacture them himself, using some discarded wooden shacks for his plant. Two years later he was turning out four hundred cars a week. And in 1907—just eight years ago—three hundred dollars looked as big to him as the national debt.

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THOMAS FORTUNE RYAN, who owns the most expensive back yard in the world, comes from the country of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. When he was seventeen he went to Baltimore and got a job in a dry-goods store, but two years later "made his way" to Wall Street, and has ever since "made his way" up until he bought out the Equitable Life.

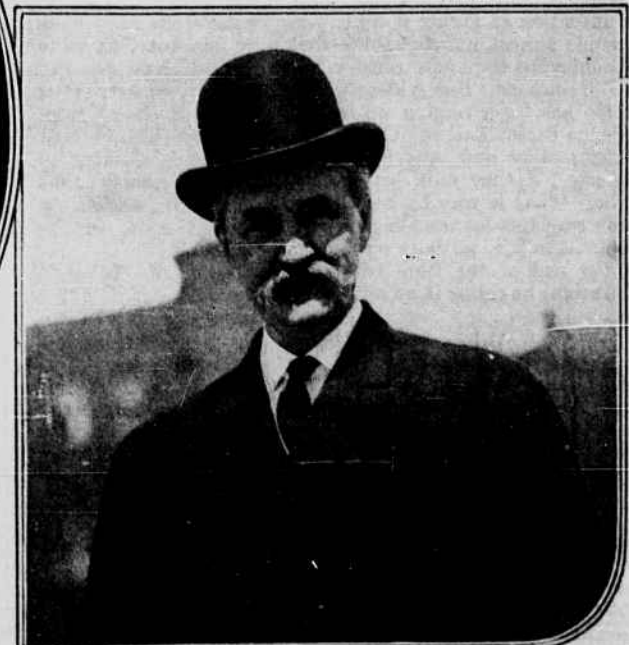


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"I COULD handle a saw; I knew how to drive a nail," modestly says F. D. Underwood, president of the Erie Railroad. Added to these fundamental accomplishments, he could drive a mule in a mining camp. And now he wants a thousand men to handle the saw and drive the nail for him—and because times are so good he can't find them.

NOT every man can be President, but pretty nearly every man can be mentioned for the Presidency in this year when the Republicans can't get Hughes and don't want Teddy. Albert Baird Cummins of Iowa would be willing to be pressed, and the party might do worse. Once, when he was just a plain carpenter, he walked eleven miles at night, through deep mud, to get the measurements of a bridge, so that the road might be finished a day earlier. There are two things in Iowa that "stick to it to the finish." One is Albert Baird Cummins and the other is Iowa mud.

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LARK began life watering stock. He scraped education to those were agents' exams. at University. for firing a those good rows. In backs, he bar when y-five. He t Speaker ever had.

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